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In Memoriam.*

PAUL JEROME RAGAN.

If ye could count those tears that wet the earth
Where he was laid to rest, then might ye tell
He was a man of more than common worth,—
A priest beloved who served his people well.

Broad minded, deep in soul, kind hearted too,—
Well fit to be God's minister was he;
'Twas joy for him his work of love to do
And live that other men might happy be.

His life was like the dawning of the day
That comes into the world with warmth and light;
He scattered sunshine where he went his way,
And everyplace he walked the world was bright.

Yet he is called away. In Heaven above
Now offers he his Mass before God's throne.
While we can only think of him in love,
And mourning say: "Ah well!—God knows His own!"

Idealism and Realism.

WILLIAM D. FURRY, 1900.

IDEALISM and Realism have become the watch-words of two opposing schools of fiction, known as the English and the French Schools of Fiction. The English school of fiction holds that the source of the novelist's power lies in the awakening and training of the emotions; while the French school holds that the novelist reaches individuals through the intellect; and that men approach the novel in the same way that they approach a work on psychology or

anatomy. M. Taine says: "In my opinion a novelist is a psychologist, who naturally and voluntarily sets psychology at work; he is nothing else nor more."

To be sure, the novel that reflects the complexity and seriousness of the life of to-day, will contain a good deal of psychology. But a novel is more than a work on psychology; the novelist is a psychologist, but he is also something more. In brief, the novel is not psychology, but may be defined as psychology applied; it is not an abstract treatise on social economics, but it is applied social economics. A biographer of George Elliot says: "What Combe and Spencer have taught in the name of philosophy, Tyndall and Herschel in the name of science, she has applied to life and its problems. They can give us science and philosophy, but that is inadequate. They are too far away from the vital movements of life, know too little of human experience as it throbs out of the heart and sentiment. They can explain their theories in terms of science, ethics and philosophy; but George Elliot explains hers in terms of life." Thus the novel is very different, either from a work on psychology or one on sociology, both in the selection of the subject-matter and in its arrangement. A work on either of these sciences will read very different from a novel. A mere glance at the contents, or the headings of the various chapters of the different works will make plain this difference. To say, therefore, that we can approach the novel in precisely the same way that we approach a work of science, is to ignore the true character and the real value of the novel.

The Realists hold that we can approach the novel, or any other form of art, just as we approach a work on science. They ignore the ideal, (or at least attempt to) regard it

* Reverend D. A. Tighe, died March 27, 1900.

as only an illusion of the mind; deny that there is anything beyond the world we see and live in, and test all art by the exactness with which it delineates this world of the senses. To Realists, therefore, the sole rule of art is *imitation*. To them a great artist is a great imitator; and a great work of art is a very close imitation of some of the phases of nature.

There is in this contention of the Realists a mixture of truth and error. Art can not and does not ignore nature; for nature supplies the materials upon which art generally works. The artist is a man that sees. He observes men and things; he studies nature both outside himself and within himself; he experiments, judges, and in every way possible gathers materials. These materials are stored away in the mind and are afterwards used as subject-matter for some artistic purpose.

But these materials, however skilfully they may have been collected and arranged, and whatever may be the technical skill of the artist in reproducing his materials, in reality will furnish him with only the body of any artistic production. To reproduce these materials as he has gathered them, even though his reproduction is very close to nature's own copy, is not *art*; it is *imitation*; and the end of art is not the *imitation* of nature, but the *interpretation* of nature.

This brings us to a distinction that has not been recognized; and the recognition of which will place both Idealism and Realism where they belong as vital principles of all art. For these two qualities, Idealism and Realism, while most conspicuous in two types of novels diametrically opposite to each other in many respects, are, in themselves, not necessarily opposed to each other, and are found to be perfectly blended in the world's great masterpieces of art. The distinction between the two qualities is of vital importance, and may be stated thus: Idealism is essentially a quality of the subject-matter; Realism, a quality of the disposition of this subject-matter.

The artist must be a Realist both in the collection and disposition of his materials. Realism is to him what a skilful use of the pencil or brush is to the painter, or what the mastery of technique is to the pianist. We no longer want the language of the allegory or the stilted language of the romantic novel. Realism is a wholesome advance from Romanticism. But Realism has gone too far, and, in consequence, a reaction has already set in

against it. It has abandoned all attempts at an ideal; it makes no attempt to interpret the materials that it has gathered by observation and experiment. In his effort to picture life, the Realist has fallen too much into uninteresting details. He has made the novel a mere study in nature and character, in which nothing is written but what the novelist has observed with his own eyes, or that has been experienced in actual life. This theory appears to be sufficiently sound; and were it not for the character of the observations and experiments it would doubtless have a greater hold upon readers.

We must have observation and experiment; but we must distinguish between the observation that takes in the elements of nature and the observation that takes in only the material side of nature. Now Realists confine their observations to this latter kind of observation. They go to the street and the saloon, to the dives and the slums for their observations, "they picture human nature; but it is a diseased human nature; and passion in all its phases wallowing in the mire of depravity, ... and the weak, the erring, the monstrous in human nature is the only theme the Realists recognize." (Bro. Azarias.)

But this is not art: it is Realism, but it is not Realism so far as art is concerned. It is even to be doubted whether it is Realism or not. It is not the reality with which we are familiar; and moreover, it is not the Realism that we care to know much about.

The word Realism is here used in a false sense. As thus used, it is no more a piece of art than a photograph is a piece of art. M. Faine says: "Photography is undoubtedly a useful auxiliary to painting; but after all, no one thinks of comparing it with painting. If it were true that exact imitation is the supreme aim of art, what would be the best tragedy, the best comedy? A stenographic report of a criminal trial, every word of which is faithfully recorded. It is clear, however, that all this may furnish a writer with materials for his art, but it does not constitute a work of art."

The tendency of Realists is to use the furnishings of art and call it art. They are devoted too much to unessentials; and in the reading of such novels one's mind is made to dwell on the truthfulness of the details rather than on the novel by the truth of the details. It is for the novelist to divest our everyday life of its unessential details and permit us to look at real life and the meaning

of all that lies behind these details. Mere Realism will not enable the artist to do this. After he has gathered his materials, collected and arranged them, separated from this material all accidents and accessories, he has fashioned for himself a mere body. If he would make a masterpiece of this body, something that stands out as a thing of beauty and capable of exciting the admiration of men, he must breathe into that body an ideal, as a living soul. Without this ideal his work will be a soulless body. It will be what man was before God breathed into him the breath of life. This ideal is the animating and shaping force in all art. In the effect produced by the presence of the ideal, details of execution are lost or forgotten. Indeed, the purpose of Realism is to enable the reader to get hold of this ideal; the two should work together, and indeed do so work in all the world's great masterpieces of art.

Robert Burns.

ANTHONY BROGAN, 1901.

(CONCLUSION.)

At Scotland's capital Burns came in contact with what he had never before met—refined and accomplished women. To them he was affable and reverential, and was far better pleased with their society than with that of their husbands and brothers. His pathos and humor were a feast for the ladies of his acquaintance. They were the first creations that he seemed to think were above him. He had measured weapons in controversy with most of the men and had come out far ahead. This, of course, did not please their vanity, and Burns soon detected a coolness in their behavior toward himself. He was in part to blame, for at times he would show his lack of breeding in a most positive way. But for his want of advantages and impulsive nature the "stately patricians," as he called them, would make no allowances. Besides they had a knowledge of his "Commonplace Book," where the faults and foibles of each were entered. To the poet's sensitive heart a cold look or stiff nod spoke volumes. He did not outstay his welcome at Edinburgh. He turned his back on it, disgusted with the ways of men and with himself. This was the time he bought a pocket edition of "Paradise Lost" to study the character of Satan. In poems that he

wrote after this period we notice his bitterness toward the rich and those in high positions; as in "Man was Made to Mourn" and a tinge of it in "A Man's a Man for a' That."

Here he stood a man of twenty-six with no object in life and only a few hundred pounds in his pocket. Even most of that must go to help his mother and brothers. Then he could well say

But, och, I backward cast my ee
On prospects drear,
And forward though I canna see
I guess and fear.

After some desultory wandering through the north of Scotland he settled down in Ayrshire. Again he tried farming, but eventually gave it up, and gained a sustenance as gauger, or as he puts it,

Peering into auld wife's barrels.

This position he held until his death at the age of thirty-seven.

No man ever made his muse so completely the companion of his individual life as did Burns. No poet in our tongue has left verses so subjective, or with which his surroundings had so much to do, as he has placed in our hands. And yet, here and there in his poems, he "takes fancy flights beyond the pole," that no earthly environment can account for.

His lot was to be a poet, and avoid it he could not. He felt the fire of heaven within him, sometimes blazing brightly, sometimes smouldering. We of colder blood call this feeling, lack of sanity. Yet poetry we must grant is the highest act of the mind—higher even than reason; for in reasoning we must have advantitious aid, but the real poet without any help whatever gets at the truth. He clears the river at a bound, while ordinary mortals must go around to the bridge. And not only does he leap the river himself, but takes us with him; for this is what is done when we are moved by his compositions.

Burns in his youth wrote love lyrics because he could not help himself. He says:

All the elements of sang
In formless jumble right and wrang
Wild floated in my brain.

Later he attempts to subdue his riming propensities; but falling on a volume of Scottish song by Ferguson, he strung his lyre anew.

Ramsay and Ferguson wrote in the Scottish dialect, and the former may be said to have revived the rural poetry of his country. Ferguson followed his example, and his life was in a great measure the counterpart of Burns;

his habits desultory, and his death at twenty-four a melancholy one. Burns overestimated the work of these two poets, and for Ferguson he had a most affectionate admiration. One of the first acts he did with the money he obtained for his own poems was to erect a monument over the unfortunate youth. The works of Ramsay and Ferguson were what most determined Burns to clothe his own in their Scottish garb. For this we ought to thank them. Burns in English might be more easily read, but there would be little worth reading.

Again we find our poet in the "Vision," when life has grown better and mankind an "unco lot" swearing that he

Henceforth would be rhyme proof
Till his last breath.

When he took this rash oath he was sitting by the "ingle cheek" of his hut musing on his wasted time. Suddenly the muse of Scottish song, Coila, enters. After giving him many reasons why he should break his reckless vow she places a laurel wreath upon his head, and ends her admonitions thus:

Thy tuneful flame still careful fan.

This reverie settled the matter in the mind of Burns. Henceforth whenever he felt the spirit descending upon him he was to withdraw into himself and live true to his calling. And he did, so far as poetry for the sake of the muse was concerned.

We find him writing songs to old Scottish airs, but refusing all recompense. Although at this time he felt the pinch of poverty his love of country repaid him for any efforts he put forth in her cause. His lofty patriotism is the one thing above all others that proves Burns more than the ordinary man. Love of country was the first tenet in his creed of Liberty. Speaking of his early days, he says:

E'en then a wish, I mind its power—
A wish a wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast;
That I for puir auld Scotland's sake
Some useful plan or book could make,
Or sing a song, at least;
The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear
I turned the weeder-clips aside
An' spared the symbol dear.

Here is sung a patriotism as wide as the universe—men of all lands can share in it. Some one has said that a man who loves his country can never be truly bad. This

may well be applied to Burns. We know of none in the history of literature who felt the mental anguish that he did for his misdeeds. Yet it need be no matter for wonder that one who kept normally upright until his twenty-third year should have a pricking conscience in after-life. Up to the time of his visit to Edinburgh the poet cared but little for liquor; the cause of so much of his after grief. He has been accused of ribaldness in some of his compositions—offences of his youth, which in later years he deeply regretted. The effect of Burns on Scottish song, however, has been decidedly *moral* instead of *immoral*. A great many of the beautiful airs for which he wrote verses had words that were anything but elevating. And when we consider how frequently they were sung among the peasantry we can form a notion of the blessing conferred by Burns in supplying decent lines for the melodies.

It is easy to prove that any human being who is not bereft of his imagination and emotions occasionally will slip backward; but we should remember,

What's done we partly can compute,
We don't know what's resisted.

Even if his songs were omitted, still there is no reason why Burns should not be deemed more than a minor poet. In his poems he was original, and had to create the taste through which he was to be appreciated. We have nothing in our tongue that we can point out as his models, and he knew no other language. In him were united loftiness of conception, humor and tenderness. What other poet have we, except Shakspeare, who possesses all these qualities together? We speak of certain poets treating diverse emotions equally well in different poems, but Burns actually handles them in the same poem and changes most unexpectedly. This may be exemplified by his "Hallowe'en."

With quaint humor and tenderness he is describing the customs of his country folk on this night when one of his characters finds it necessary to go over a lonely moor to a stream, there to follow the superstitious rite of dipping her sleeve in the running water. Now so much did the poet enter into the deeds of his created beings that his fancy while he was composing travelled over the moor and beheld the stream in the moonlight. This had nothing to do with the manners of the Scottish peasantry on Hallowe'en, yet Burns set this gem of description in his poem:

Whyles oure the luin the bunnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimplt
 Whyles round a rockscar it strays,
 Whyles in a weil it dimplt;
 Whyles glittered to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
 Whyles *bookit* underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazel.

Not to speak of the resemblance in the movement, is not this single stanza almost equal to Tennyson's entire "Brook?" Here is a sudden, intense emotion like unto the feeling begotten by unexpectedly coming upon a beautiful spot in a river, while the reading of the "Brook" gives the pleasant sensation of following the course of a tumbling stream. The poet produces this effect partly by the language he works in. *Bookit* is an excellent example of the apt terms Burns could find in the Scottish dialect. It means "to appear and disappear by fits." We have no word in English that could so well express the apparent inconstant movement of flowing water under overhanging bushes in the moonlight. Yet, even in English Burns had the happy faculty of suggestive description, as in "To Mary in Heaven."

With his other qualities he in a degree possessed the dramatic temperament, or the capability of conceiving and properly grouping distinct characters. His "Jolly Beggars" is about the only example of this kind he has left us. This poem is overrated, or else not understood. Carlyle thinks it a wonderful production; and who can gainsay Carlyle's opinion? Certainly no one except Burns or Shakspeare could handle such material and make of it palatable literary pabulum.

If years had been given to Scotia's poet he might have brought forth something in the dramatic field more definite in measure than the "Jolly Beggars." He at least had some intention of doing so, yet his actions were anything but in conformity with his projects. His treasure of sweet songs and sententious poems make up for anything he lacked in this respect. The world instead of criticising him harshly should ever feel his debtor, for few are as universal as he

Whose muse tho' homely in attire
 Can reach the heart.

He is the true poet of democracy and liberty in his verses, as he was the passionate lover and steadfast friend in his day. As man comes nearer to man the truth and feeling in the poems of Burns will be more appreciated. He is the social leveller. His songs are sung in

the city drawing-room and in the peasant's cot, and their beauty and sentiment are felt in both alike. His strains are heard in the English meadow and on the Irish hillside, and his songs will ever sound through Scotland. The Lowland Scot, who "ringbarks" the sandal tree of Queensland, chants his melodies, and the Highlander makes the pine woods of Canada resound with his notes. Yearly the cities of our land honor the memory of the man who yearned for such freedom as they enjoy; for he would rather sit by the spewing faggot fire in Liberty's ruined temple than revel in the halls of slavery. But Robert Burns must be deaf to all their praise or blame in the churchyard of Dumfries

Silent for aye,
 Deaf to the night bird's cry
 And to the night wind,
 And happily unheard the sigh
 Heard by his kind.

Keats' Mythology.

VINCENT D. DWYER, 1900.

Interwoven with the fabric of English literature are the myths of certain ancient peoples. To poetry, since it is primarily imaginative and emotional, do we look in an especial manner for that golden heritage of ages long passed away in which the poet might have sung

Real are the dreams of gods, and smoothly pass
 Their pleasures in a long immortal dream.

All the great poets have drunk deep of this source of imaginative joy; and it is characteristic of every period of poetry to embody in its richest passages, jewels of mythic lore. The works of Shakspeare and Milton—the greatest poets of English literature—abound in mythic allusions. In short, there is no poet from the time of Chaucer down to our own day that does not employ them more or less. "Classic mythology," says an eminent writer, "has been for poetry a treasure-house replete with golden tales and glimmering thoughts, passions in the rough and smooth, and fancies rich and bejewelled."

Mythology serves a twofold purpose in poetry. Sometimes, the name of a mythic person is only referred to for the purpose of enlivening the narrative. This is the more common use, and it supposes in the reader a

knowledge of common myths. Again, we find a brief mythic narration serving as a mere framework for poems, often of considerable length. This latter use is less commonly met with, for the reason that it is extremely difficult and rarely succeeds, except where the poet can adequately enter into the spirit of the ancients. Keats, whose mythology is the subject of this paper, affords perhaps more examples of both kinds of mythic use than any other poet of English literature.

It is generally but wrongly supposed that Keats' knowledge of mythology was derived solely from Lempriere's dictionary. Towards the end of his school days at Edmonton, we are told that he applied himself very assiduously to the study of the Latin classics, especially the works of Virgil. He is also said to have been aided very much by Tooke's "Pantheon." It is certain he knew no Greek. Most likely his thorough knowledge of the Grecian temperament was acquired through the reading of translations. The pleasure he found in reading Chapman's "Homer" gave inspiration to a sonnet nearly perfect. This sonnet, entitled "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," is considered by many persons the best of all Keats' sonnets.

"Endymion" is Keats' longest poem. In it the love of the youthful hero for Diana, the moon goddess, is stretched over four books. "I must make four thousand lines of one bare circumstance," he says on one occasion. The story as usually given in the mythologies is well adhered to, with the exception that "Endymion" is made to go on a journey under the sea. Sometimes the stories of gods and goddesses that have only the remotest connection, or no connection at all, with "Endymion," are introduced.

A modern version of the fate of Glaucus and Scylla is given by Keats in the "Endymion." In the following lines we have the experience of Glaucus when he suffered a metamorphosis into a being new and strange, half man, half fish:

I plunged for life or death. To interknit
One's senses with so dense a breathing stuff
Might seem a work of pain; so not enough
Can I admire how crystal-smooth it felt
And buoyant round my limbs. At first I dwelt
Whole days and days in sheer astonishment;
Forgetful utterly of self-intent,
Moving but with the mighty ebb and flow.

The story of the flight of Arethusa—a woodland nymph of Elis—from the river-god Alpheus, is told in the last part of the second

book of "Endymion." In this version of the pursuit, Arethusa and Alpheus are already represented as copious springs

That both together dash'd
Swift, mad, fantastic round the rocks, and lash'd
Among the conchs and shells of the lofty grot,
Leaving a trickling dew.

The narrative is enlivened by a spirited dialogue between Arethusa and Alpheus that ends abruptly. Then we are told

At this sudden fell
Those two sad streams adown a fearful dell.

Here the poet ends the story. In the mythology, however, the Cynthian queen appears at this point and opens the ground. Arethusa still endeavoring to escape plunges into the abyss, and going through the bowels of the earth, comes out in Sicily still followed by the passionate river-god.

In a poem dedicated to Leigh Hunt, by Keats, the story of Pan and Syrinx is thus beautifully alluded to:

So did he feel who pulled the boughs aside
That we might look into a forest wide, . . .
Telling us how fair trembling Syrinx fled
Arcadian Pan, with such a fearful dread,
Poor nymph—poor Pan—how he did weep to find
Nought but a lonely sighing of the wind
Along the reedy stream—a half-heard strain,
Full of sweet desolation, balmy pain.

Keats has also a sonnet composed "On a Picture of Leander." In it he calls upon "all sweet maidens" to look upon Leander in the throes of death as a victim of their "beauty bright." The story of Cupid and Psyche did not appear until the second century of our era. It is ascribed to Appuleius. Keats selects from this story material for his "Ode to Psyche."

The Lenten Path.

WILLIAM C. HENGEN, '97.

THE sombre Lenten season comes to guide
My soul along the rugged, thorn-strewn way
Which leads through darkest night to brightest day,
Upward—on Calvary to the Crucified,
Onward—until I see His piercéd side.
From thence I peer beyond, and humbly pray
For faith-bought sight that will disperse the gray,
And teach me where true light and life abide.
Dear Prince of Light! fill full my soul with love,
That I may tread the Lenten path with Thee!
Since Thou alone canst show the way above,
Lift Thou the burden which so hinders me,
And bring my soul to Thee, O heavenly Dove,
Where all is radiance and harmony.

A Word for the Down-Trodden.

JOHN L. CORLEY.

I am prompted by a strong sense of duty to present this article to the public, and I expect no remorse of conscience when it is read and ridiculed by those that are opposed to the principles I wish to set forth. I have anticipated all regret by convincing myself that I am doing right; and one that is self-convinced is steadfast whether right or wrong. I admit I feel a sort of delicacy about finding fault, because I was born and raised but a few miles from where the writer of the article in question ate his paternal bread. The article that has prompted me to write this is a piece of blasphemous writing published under the title of "Christian Science and the Book of Mrs. Eddy." The writer, it is needless to say, is Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens started his paper with a sentence of one hundred and twenty-five words. By this means he drags the reader into the story with a notion that there will be something good on down farther anyway; but to any kind of sensible scientific Christians it is all bad.

The men on the staff of the *Literary Digest* read this article and digested it and laughed themselves half to death about it. They said it was very much like the funniest thing they had ever read. Mark Twain does not hesitate to ridicule the good Mrs. Eddy at every opportunity, and even ends his story by swindling her disciple out of her fee because the poor woman has good faith. This reminds me of something concerning a Christian scientist that occurred at a farmer's home where I was staying some years ago, and I shall tell the story for the sake of the scientist and not "pile cheap adjective upon cheap adjective" in his abuse as Mark has done.

The farmer had a goat, and, unlike other brutes of the kind, the goat developed a habit of eating what superfluous things he found lying about the premises. I was then working at well digging, and I was throwing out clouds of rocks of various sizes and irregular edges by means of dynamite. One day when I went to dinner I left my drills, fifteen pounds of dynamite, thirty or forty yards of fuse, a box of caps, a few mop rags and other things piled behind one of the stones I had just blown out. Well, when at dinner Mrs. Roddlehammerlean, the farmer's wife, grew

very inquisitive about the progress I was making, and when I told her I left the dynamite exposed, she declared the goat would eat the things up. I did not dare object to the possibility of this, and a boy was sent to "see after" the things. He soon returned with the painful intelligence that "he had done gone and done it," meaning that the goat had eaten the things. I doubted this at first, but I found he had eaten all the fuse, dynamite, caps and mop rags, but had left the larger rocks and the well in much the same condition as he found them. The drill was a little too hard for him and he had given it up.

If one could have judged from the frantic display of distress, Mrs. Roddlehammerlean would have been picked as the real victim with the abnormal appetite. Yet the goat did not seem perfectly at ease, for he went out into a bare lot and lay down in a fence corner. Every member of the family was grieved. Mr. Roddlehammerlean complained about the cost of dynamite; Mrs. Roddlehammerlean was uneasy about the health of the goat; the boy was angry because he did not get out in time to see the goat trying to eat the drill, and I was distressed because I had to wait for more dynamite before I could continue the practice of my profession.

After Mrs. Roddlehammerlean had been consoled and quieted the goat received our consideration. We made many suggestions, and finally the boy thought it would be well to close the gate and send for a doctor. There was dispute as to who should close the gate, for there was some fear of the goat jarring against the fence and causing an explosion. Mr. Roddlehammerlean put the duty upon the boy, and the youngster started upon his perilous mission. When he came within about thirty yards of the goat a happy thought struck him. He picked up a club and threw it against the clap-board that propped the gate open and then ran. The gate swung to, and the goat was confined in a five-acre lot that was so barren, there was not so much as an old newspaper for him to nibble on.

"Now for a doctor!" exclaimed Mr. Roddlehammerlean. I had acted in that capacity for many years before I began the practice of the profession I then held, and I still went by the title "Doc." Yet I had never allowed myself to accept a case and take advantage of a fellow practitioner, so I advised them to apply to the family doctor.

When Mr. Roddlehammerlean told the story

to Dr. Johnston, the old physician made a hurried diagnosis of the case and suddenly discovered that he had to make a call that would detain him all the evening. He advised that the goat be allowed to take very light food and kept in the lot till the next evening. Mr. Roddlehammerlean knew that Mrs. Roddlehammerlean would not be satisfied with this so he went to another doctor. This gentleman was a herb doctor and as this was something new, Mr. Roddlehammerlean thought this man could make a good suggestion. The young physician declared he would not go near the brute.

"Now," he reasoned, "this is a case of life or death, and if the goat don't die he will live, so let him stay in the lot awhile and then turn him out." The prescription agreed with that of the old physician, and the farmer came back home to follow directions.

Late the next evening I was arranging my instruments, when the Rev. Doctor Charles Hamilton Jones came along the road in a one-horse covered wagon. Some long pieces of pine planks stuck out behind and a keg partly filled with nails was behind the seat.

"Hello, Roddlehammerlean!" he shouted to the farmer.

"Good evenin', Reverend Doctor Jones," answered Mr. Roddlehammerlean, "purty warm weather we're havin'!"

"Very warm," replied the Rev. Doctor—"What news?"

"Well, everything's slow up here—how's things with you? What's you goin' to do with that lumber?"

"Why we had a storm down our way," replied the Rev. Doctor, "and I got the roof of my house blown off."

"O yes, I heard about that storm," replied Mr. Roddlehammerlean. "Sam Peterson said it blowd down great big trees that hadn't been blowd down since he could remember."

"That's right, Mr. Roddlehammerlean, I'm in a pretty bad fix now! Got the roof of my house blown off, had to buy lumber and a half keg of nails to put the roof back on, and my crop is no good. My farm reminds me of what I heard a man say once: 'It is so poor you can't raise your voice on it.' If it wasn't for my parish we would starve!"

"Well, Mr. Jones, I wish I could make some donation, but I've been havin' mighty bad luck myself. I had five dollars I lowed to give you, but Mag's old goat et the dinemite and I had to spend it for more dinemite.

"Sold the goat to buy dynamite?"

"No, spent the money, Jones, spent the money! The goat's sick now, guess he'll die. Doctor couldn't do nothin' for 'im. I thought that young doctor down there could fix him up; but he wouldn't."

"Well, Mr. Roddlehammerlean," replied the Rev. Doctor, "them medical schools are like everthing else. In that keg of nails there you'll notice there's a nail here and there that hasn't any head. That was made when they were turning them out too fast. Same way with schools; when they begin to turn out the doctors too fast, they always come out with no heads. Now there's nothing much the matter with this goat. If you will put my horse up and feed him, I will stay all night and cure the goat. If he doesn't get well, I won't charge you anything and if he does you may give me five dollars."

"O Rev. Doctor Jones, if you only will Mrs. Roddlehammerlean will never get through thankin' you! Doc. put up the horse! Come over to the lot Rev. Doctor Jones and examine the goat," the farmer exclaimed.

"Never mind!" replied the Rev. Doctor growing pale. "In our Christian Science, Absent Treatment is as good as any, I will retire to a room alone. My supper will be brought to me, also my breakfast. The horse will be hitched to the wagon when he has finished his breakfast and then I will appear. By this time my treatment will be finished, and some change in the goat will be evident."

Everything was done as he ordered. The next morning to our joy the goat was not in the lot. The farmer rapped very respectfully upon the door of the Rev. Doctor's room, and the Rev. Doctor was much pleased to hear the goat was well enough to climb the fence; and he decided to take breakfast with the family. Mrs. Roddlehammerlean was proud to have the gifted man to take a meal at her humble table, and she spared no pains in preparing the breakfast. I had worked as a professional butcher for several years, so I killed a chicken for her, and, as a reward, had the privilege of fetching the old brown jug of cider up from the dark corner of the cellar. The best jar of preserves was opened, and the china cups, that were used only on extraordinary occasions, were carefully placed in Mrs. Roddlehammerlean's own peculiar fashion on the white linen table spread that had been folded in the bureau drawer for months. The napkins stood up stiff and dignified folded in three-cornered

fashion in the tall goblets, and the three year old cider had a tempting sparkle in the little short tumblers.

The farmer boy was not allowed to come to the table; it was enough for him to stand in the kitchen door and watch the Rev. Doctor eat, and see Mr. Roddlehammerlean drop his napkin and pick it up only to drop it again.

"There is nothing like having good faith, my dear friends," said the Rev. Doctor as he passed his plate for a third piece of chicken. (The boy grew nervous just at this time, but it proved to me that the Reverend Doctor had fasted into the late hours of the night.)

"Nothin' like it," answered Mr. Roddlehammerlean. "I would like to see the goat. I just know he's feelin' mighty good after all that nice treatment; it's so strange. What a wonder faith is!"

"Have another biscuit, Rev. Doctor Jones," exclaimed Mrs. Roddlehammerlean, "try an' make out your breakfast."

The Rev. Doctor suggested that the boy should be sent to find the goat as he wanted to record the full circumstances in his book of cures. So the lad started out very reluctantly, for no one had thought about the biscuits and the chicken as much as he.

"Look all around," was Mrs. Roddlehammerlean's last order. "You're as apt to find him on top of the barn as down in the clover patch."

"What a sweet consolation to have you here," said Mrs. Roddlehammerlean to the Reverend Doctor, as we leaned back from the breakfast table.

The boy came back very soon and said that he had been all round the place, but couldn't find him. I thought he made a very quick trip, and Mrs. Roddlehammerlean discovered that he had not gone into the cloverfield at all "because," she says, "his britches ain't wet at the bottom, and if he'd gone in there the doo would a' wet 'em."

The Doctor promised to bring his wife to visit them soon, and said he would learn all about the goat's condition then, so the family reluctantly watched him prepare to leave.

Mrs. Roddlehammerlean got out one of the best smoked hams to send to Mrs. Jones, and Mr. Roddlehammerlean borrowed ten dollars from me to give to the Rev. Doctor. I thought that a very extravagant cure; but the goat was a sort of family relic.

The Reverend Doctor had a very sanctified bearing as he marched down the front yard

walk, with Mrs. Roddlehammerlean on one side of him with the big ham under her arm, and Mr. Roddlehammerlean on the other, with the ten dollar bill carefully folded in his closed hand ready to give to the good man on his departure. I got the horse into the shafts, and had just finished hitching the tugs, when Mrs. Roddlehammerlean raised the back curtain of the wagon, to put the ham in, and then she gave a scream loud enough to awaken the dead. It did not awaken the goat, however, for there he was with his head in the nail keg, lying in a peaceful sleep as all goats do when they die. He had been cured of course, and in searching for something to eat had scrambled over the dashboard and eaten the nails out of the keg that was wedged in between the pieces of lumber. When pulling his head out, his horn struck a knot in one of the stays of the keg and forced the knot out, but his horn hung in the hole, and he broke his neck there. I was the only one that saw things as they really were, as I looked at them from an uninterested point of view. Mrs. Roddlehammerlean ran back into the yard with the ham and called down maledictions on the head of the "mean, swindling Jones," and had a regular frantic fit; while Mr. Roddlehammerlean thrust the ten dollar note deep into his trousers' pocket, and simply yelled: "Sooacide! he's committed sooacide!"

I advised the Reverend Doctor Charles Hamilton Jones to make his departure without ceremony, and the good man in his excitement had started to drive off when Mrs. Roddlehammerlean yelled at him that he was trying to steal the corpse. This made the poor man indignant, and he loosened the goat's head and rolled him out over the hind wheel of the wagon. Right then and there I saw a miracle performed! When the goat hit the ground off went the dynamite! The whole hind end of the wagon was blown off, the horse was knocked senseless by the shock, but the Doctor was only blown over into the garden patch and merely a little dazed. Fortunately he had driven far enough from us and we were out of danger. The wagon could not be repaired, the lumber was splintered to pieces, and to complete the case on being urged by his wife the farmer brought suit against the unfortunate Rev. Doctor Charles Hamilton Jones and secured five dollars and cost on the plea that they could have embalmed the goat and saved the dynamite."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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} Reporters.

—The SCHOLASTIC will not appear next Saturday. A double-size special number is being prepared for Easter, and for this reason the members of the Staff and the type-setters will require an extra amount of time, so we must suspend the publication of one issue.

—Father Tighe is dead. The faithful shepherd who for twenty five years watched so carefully over the flock entrusted to his charge has been summoned to enjoy his well-earned reward. Those of his parish that have tears will be earnest in shedding them for their beloved pastor, and many will be the fervent prayers offered for the repose of his soul. At Notre Dame his friends will measure their loss only by performing such acts as Christianity and loving remembrance prompt persons to do in behalf of a departed friend.

—The death of Mrs. Green, wife of Professor Jerome Green of the Department of Physics, is deeply regretted by the many members of our college community who had the pleasure of knowing her, as well as by all who through class work or acquaintance have learned to esteem Mr. Green. Following as

it does within less than a year after their marriage, and when the happiness of home life had but well begun, the shock is doubly severe. The SCHOLASTIC begs to join with all those who, by their kind assurance of sympathy and their offerings of condolence, may in the slightest degree be of service in helping the bereaved Professor to bear his burden of grief.

—Just as we go to press the news reaches us that Mr. John O'Malley, brother of Professor Austin O'Malley of the Literary Department, and also of Frank Ward O'Malley, student '95-'98, died at Philadelphia, Pa. To the members of the bereaved family the SCHOLASTIC extends the sympathy of all at Notre Dame

—Our track men have worked earnestly during the past ten weeks, and as there are no more meets in the near future, we think it a wise move on the part of Coach Engledrum to grant them a few weeks rest. Hard training has been wearing on them, and Captain Corcoran in particular is in bad condition. A good rest will freshen them and put them in fine fettle for the games at the dedication of Cartier field. In the meantime the bicycle riders will begin to practice a little, and when the weather permits outdoor work they will be in shape for hard training.

—Mr. Edward W. Moulton, better known as "Dad" in athletic circles, left Notre Dame Thursday evening *en route* to Vanderbilt University where he is engaged to coach their track team during the coming season. Mr. Moulton has been at Notre Dame about four weeks supervising the work of laying out Cartier Athletic Field. Aside from this he often assisted Coach Engledrum in taking care of the track team, and it is safe to assume that he gave them many valuable suggestions. If any one knows the ins and outs, the little tricks and the fine points of track athletics, "Dad" Moulton does, for he is one of the most experienced trainers in the country, and in his day was one of America's greatest runners. All his life has been spent among prominent athletes and he has been called the father of Western track athletics. He made friends of all he met at Notre Dame and we are unanimous in wishing him every success with the Vanderbilt men.

Death of Father Tighe.

Yesterday Father Tighe was laid to rest in Mount Olivet Cemetery. Round his grave stood many who loved him during his life and who mourn him now that he is dead. Fellow-workers—shepherds of Christ's fold—and devoted members of that flock which he so well guarded, stood beside his grave to pay him a last tribute of affection. Friends who knew him well and Christians who revered him for the great work they saw him accomplish knelt at his grave to murmur a heartfelt "Rest in peace!" for his soul. And to that pious prayer we fondly add Amen!

Denis A. Tighe was born in Tighe's Town, Sligo, Ireland, in 1851. He emigrated to America when a lad, was enrolled as a student at this University in 1867, and was graduated with the class of '69. Five years later he received Holy Orders at the hands of

Bishop Foley in Chicago, and thenceforth he labored unceasingly till death arrested his hand last Tuesday morning in the Mercy Hospital, Chicago. Pneumonia was the cause of his death.

Since his ordination Father Tighe was connected either as curate or pastor with the parish of Holy Angels, Chicago. He built churches and schools for his congregation. In 1897 the beautiful Church of the Holy Angels was completed and dedicated, and that splendid temple was last fall the scene of one

of the most notable events in the history of the archdiocese. With solemn services and in the presence of over two hundred ecclesiastics, including eleven bishops and archbishops, Father Tighe celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination; and to commemorate that event five marble altars were dedicated at the same time. On that occasion our Very Reverend President preached the sermon, at the conclusion of which he said:

"When, after having completed his allotted course, after having fought the good fight to the end, full of years and merits, he lays down his life's burden and cares, may those sweet and consoling words, for which during his whole priestly life his soul has yearned, come to fill his whole being with that joy which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive: 'Well done, good and faithful servant: enter into the joy of the Lord.'"

His funeral oration was

preached by the Rev. Vice-President French, and in the ceremonies over his remains the Very Rev. Provincial Zahm took part. Here at Notre Dame his memory will long be revered, for nowhere was he better loved. His frequent visits to his *Alma Mater* he always spoke of as the pleasantest days of his life, and now that he is gone his genial smile and his simple ways will be missed. Last Thursday morning a Requiem High Mass was sung in the college church for the repose of his soul. May he rest in peace!



Michigan Won.

Our track team was easily defeated at Ann Arbor last Saturday night. However, that fact does not go any distance toward proving that our team is in any way inferior to the U. of M. men, because they could not be said to be competing with even chances. Our men were not in the best condition as they had been riding all day and were pretty well tired when the time for the exercises to begin was announced. The great drawback for the Notre Dame men was the difference between Waterman gymnasium and the gymnasium here. There is no track room in Waterman gymnasium, and for this reason all the dashes had to be run on the smooth hard floor of the apparatus room, and the long runs were made on a rubber track up in the gallery. A person can readily understand how strongly these conditions would operate against our men when he considers the difference between running on a dirt track with spiked shoes and running on a smooth, waxed floor without spikes. As for the long races the principal trouble was that the track was narrow and the turns very sharp, so that by persons not accustomed to it the best speed could not be made. In the high jump our representatives could not get their stride, nor the proper spring for getting over the bar.

Notwithstanding the disadvantages to our side, some of the events were made decidedly interesting. The dashes were very close and, the pole vault was hard fought, Dvorak winning at ten feet and six inches, while Fishleigh and Sullivan tied for second place at ten feet and three inches. The relay race was not so close as was expected, because of our men having difficulty in keeping the track and making the turns. Corcoran had his knee badly injured by falling on the incline at the end of the forty-yard dash, and that told a great deal on him before he had finished his quarter.

Michigan has a wonderful pole vaulter in Dvorak. He approaches the bar with speed, and goes over it like a flash. He made ten feet, six inches last Saturday without ever bringing the bar down or taking a second trial. Joseph Sullivan surprised his friends in this event by his splendid performance, and much will be expected of him in the outdoor games.

Leiblee in the dash and McLean in the hurdles and high jump are very strong men,

and will have to be watched hard for the Western Intercollegiate. Tryon cleared the bar in the high jump at five feet and ten inches, which comes very close to the indoor record.

It was very apparent when the exercises were begun that Notre Dame had no chance of winning the meet. The score of $43\frac{1}{2}$ to $20\frac{1}{2}$ indicates that Michigan had small trouble in taking a good share of the first places. However, the large crowd that was in attendance made due allowance for the handicap that was against our men, and was very generous in applauding them on every possible occasion. When Connor ran away from his man in the mile run, and when Corcoran and Sullivan appeared they were greeted with hearty cheers.

The Michigan team is strong; and its strength is uniformly distributed. In both field and track events they have strong men as the following summary and records will show:

Forty-Yard Dash, first heat—Corcoran, U. N. D., first; Hartsburg, U. of M., second. Time, :04 4-5.

Second Heat—Leiblee, M., first; Fox, N. D., second. Time, :04 4-5.

Final Heat—Leiblee, M., first; Corcoran, N. D., second. Time, :04 4-5.

Forty-Yard Hurdle—McLean, M., first; Hartsburg, M., second. Time :05 1-5

Half-mile run—Wood, M., first; Steele, N. D., second. Time, 2:19.

Mile run—Connor, N. D., first; Levis, M., second. Time, 4:47.

Pole vault—Dvorak, M., first; Sullivan, N. D., and Fishleigh, M., second. Height, 10 feet 6 inches.

Shot put—Eggeman, N. D., first, Robinson, M., second. Distance, 37 feet 6 inches.

High jump—Tryon, M., first; McLean, M., second. Height, 5 feet 10 inches.

Relay race—Michigan won; Notre Dame, second.

Total—Michigan, $43\frac{1}{2}$; Notre Dame, $20\frac{1}{2}$.

The First Wrestling Exhibition at Notre Dame.

There was an exhibition of wrestling in the gymnasium Thursday that would be worth going miles to see. James McWeeney, coach of the Notre Dame Football Team, and John J. Rooney, the giant gripman of Chicago, were the contestants. It was a battle of gladiators, matched in build and strength almost to a degree of exactitude. They wrestled three bouts of seven minutes each, and there was scarce a hair-breadth's advantage in the favor of either one. The contest was purely an exhibition for the purpose of acquainting the

students of the University with this branch of sport which must sooner or later claim a place in college games.

It was the intention of Manager Eggeman to arrange a tournament with contestants from the Universities of Chicago and Illinois, but these schools had no men conditioned for such a contest, so it was necessary to have home students compete in the preliminary bouts.

The first bout was between Earl P. Wagner of Sorin Hall and Frank M. Winters of Corby Hall, both linemen on the football team. Their bouts were fast, and they showed considerable skill in the game. No fall resulted in the two bouts, but they gave a good exhibition of evading the opportunities to lose that each presented to the other in the various forms of half-nelsons, hammerlocks and head spins. Wagner and Winters were in the heavy weight class.

The light weight contestants were Charles Mulcrone of Brownson Hall, and Eugene Murphy of Sorin Hall. Their work was of the snappiest order. Mulcrone was the aggressor, and he kept Murphy dodging pretty much of the time; Murphy was game, and fought off the holds that Mulcrone got until the bell ended their contest. The student bouts were well received, but each of the contestants had an equal claim on the audience, consequently the intensity of interest centred in the match between McWeeney and Rooney. These men weighed nearly two hundred pounds. Rooney had perhaps an advantage of a few pounds. From the beginning of the contest it was evident that each meant to win, and to that end they directed all their skill and strength. There was little parleying, though both men were cautious, and before a minute had elapsed they were locked in the mysterious grips that only wrestlers know.

To have chosen the better man would not have been an easy thing. Rooney's defensive bridging was little short of marvellous, and McWeeney's agility saved him in many tight places. They were on the mat twenty-one minutes and each minute was crowded with incidents. From one lock they slipped into another, then a head spin for defence, and another for offence. Rooney now had McWeeney's head locked in his terrible nelson hold, only the next minute to be battling to break the same hold from around his own neck. One lay stretched out upon the mat resisting with all his might, while the other with sheer

force sought to turn him on his back. There was no credit given for flying falls, and the strangle hold was barred, but there were plenty of holds that gave the men a chance to ply their strength. Once Rooney had McWeeney in a place where it seemed certain the football coach must lose. It was a half-nelson and a foot lock. That was a fretful moment for the partisans of the coach, but their champion was not a defeated man; he paused in tense attitude until his weight was completely balanced, then with a desperate effort he freed himself from the hold of the giant gripman. Following quick as a flash McWeeney was at Rooney, and but for the strength of the gripman's neck he would have pinned him to the mat.

The audience was fair in its applause, and though McWeeney was the favorite, Rooney got rounds of applause for his clever work. Two men could not have been more evenly matched, and throughout the contest they strove honestly and cleanly for the points.

Rooney ranks among the best men of the professional class; he has competed with all the giants of the game, and he has won his place among the first by honest and careful work. He is a fair man and one that reflects credit on the professional sport. He has made a host of friends at Notre Dame.

McWeeney's exhibition was a revelation to his friends at the University. They knew he was a skilled man at wrestling, for he had shown that in his work of training the football men; but to contest against Rooney, and to hold the giant gripman level in a match, they hardly expected that of him. He did it Thursday in the most finished manner and that with but little training. Some years ago McWeeney held the Amateur Championship at wrestling, but he has not competed in the sport for three years, and has done no training in that branch of work in that time. It is fitting that credit be given to Mr. A. J. Matson of Chicago, who acted as referee for the bouts. His work gave entire satisfaction, and his rulings were not questioned at any time.

So great was the enthusiasm shown by the spectators that it is quite possible we will have more exhibition matches in the near future. Of course we can not have such bouts as those between Rooney and McWeeney, but many of the students that are taking lessons may get together and test what progress they are making.

Mrs. Green, Dead.

Everyone at the University was shocked last Sunday when the announcement was made that Mrs. Elizabeth Green was ill beyond recovery. Wednesday morning the sad tidings came that she had breathed her last, and that evening her remains were taken to Rochester, Minn., where they were laid to rest. Blood poison was the cause of her death.

Scarcely ten months ago Mr. and Mrs. Green were married in Rochester, Minn. They came to South Bend last July and took a residence on St. Peter's street. Mrs. Green was admired by all her acquaintances for the affability and genial courtesy so characteristic of her. She made their home life an ideal, happy one, and the home itself a place where people found it a pleasure to call. Since her untimely death it has been remarked by many that never had any person, who lived in South Bend so short a time, made so many friends as she had made.

Mrs. Green had often accompanied the Professor to the University, and among the Faculty and students are many that have felt something like a personal loss in her death. Many of the boys in Professor Green's class had often been entertained at his home on different occasions, and these will be able to estimate in some small degree what a terrible loss he has sustained. He has the sympathy of everyone at Notre Dame.

The ceremony of blessing the corpse was held at the house Wednesday evening, Father Morrissey officiating. Six of our Professors acted as pall-bearers, and, together with many friends, accompanied the remains to the station from whence they were carried away over the L. S. and M. S. to Chicago and thence to their final resting-place in Rochester.

* * *

The following resolutions have been offered in behalf of the students:

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God in His goodness to call to her eternal home the wife of our Professor; and

WHEREAS, we deeply mourn with him in his loss, be it

RESOLVED, that we extend, in behalf of the student body, our most sincere sympathy to Professor Green in this the hour of his grief; and be it further

RESOLVED, that these resolutions be printed in THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and that copies of the same be sent to him and to the relatives of the deceased.

THOMAS F. DWYER

GEORGE F. STUHLFAUTH

CHARLES J. Baab—Committee.

Personals.

—Rev. Father Gallagher of Park City, Utah, was a welcome visitor at the University last Tuesday.

—Harry Goodall, student of Carroll Hall '98-'99, has the sympathy of his classmates and associates in the loss of his father who died suddenly March 28.

—Among the old students whom the track men met at Ann Arbor last Saturday were Jenaro Davila, Charles Piquette, Albert Long, Henry Fleming, Jerome Crowley, George Weadock and Will Elliot.

—Mrs. Flora Stanfield of South Bend, who writes for the *Ave Maria*, and Miss Hengen of Dellafield, Wisconsin, sister of William C. Hengen, Litt. B. '97, were among the guests at the University during the past week.

—Mr. Daniel V. Casey (Litt. B. '95), who has been a regular reporter for the *Chicago Record* during the past two years, is now in charge of the *Record's* Home Study Circle. The position is a responsible one for so young a man to fill, but Mr. Casey has the requisite ability to look after every detail thoroughly.

—Mr. Louis T. Weadock, LL. B. '99, who was in the employ of the City Press Association of Chicago during the past few months, is now a regular member of the *Chicago Journal* staff. "Louie" was at Notre Dame last Sunday to spend a day with his old friends, who all are glad to know of his recent promotion.

—Mr. William C. Hengen, Litt. B. '97, will finish his course at the Chicago Theological Seminary next May. He was a member of the SCHOLASTIC staff during the year '96-'97, and we take pleasure in offering to our readers his sonnet called "The Lenten Path," which he was kind enough to forward a few days ago.

—The friends of Paul E. Hartung; LL. B. '99, will be pleased to learn that he is rapidly recovering from a severe attack of rheumatism that has kept him confined to his house for several weeks. He writes that he will soon resume his practice, which is very large considering that he has been at professional work only a few months, and that he expects to be at Notre Dame in the near future.

—Mr. Jerome J. Crowley, student '98, winner of the Barry Elocution Medal, is a senior in the Law Department at Ann Arbor. Mr. Crowley has been a leader in dramatic and musical circles at the University of Michigan, and last week he managed very successfully a large benefit entertainment given for Father Kelly's church. He was one of the men to make the time pleasant for our athletes during their visit at the State University, and showed himself the same genial fellow that he was while here.

Local Items.

—The Lenten instruction in the college church last Wednesday evening was given by Rev. T. A. Crumley.

—NOTICE to BOARD of EDITORS.—Contributions for the Easter number of the SCHOLASTIC are due next Monday.

—A Requiem High Mass was sung in the college church Thursday morning for the repose of the soul of Father Tighe.

—Mr. George H. Kelly of Brownson Hall has the sympathy of many friends in the loss of his sister, whose death occurred last Monday.

—Sedate Professor walking from the Style to little Andy Dowling: "Are you racing for that train?"

"No, yer honor, but I'm thranin' for that race."

—The Philopatrians will produce the "Comedy of Errors" on Easter Monday. Rehearsals are in progress daily, and everything points to a successful performance.

—The baseball men are all talking about the new coats they are to have as part of their uniform this spring, and they expect to present a fine appearance on the field.

—At Ann Arbor last Saturday the crowd applauded our athletes very generously. This goes to show that the relations between Michigan and Notre Dame are very friendly.

—Several men and teams are at work on Cartier Field getting it in shape for the spring games. The track and baseball diamond will be laid out and the grand stand will be erected soon.

—The Tennis Club has been reorganized and will begin practice on the court in the track room of the gymnasium as soon as the baseball team vacates that room for outdoor work. All students desiring to join the club apply at Room 95, Sorin Hall.

—Corcoran will not do any work for some weeks as he returned from the Michigan meet in very poor shape. He has been out of condition ever since the big meet at Milwaukee, and the trainer has advised him to rest from further practice until warm weather begins.

—The Preparatory School debating team meets the team from South Bend High School in Washington Hall this evening to discuss the question: "Resolved, That strikes are productive of more harm than good to the laboring people." The "Preps" will uphold the affirmative side of the question, and, judging from their fine showing in the preliminaries, they should have the honor of winning the first debate in which the Preparatory School joined issue against a visiting team. However, there are reports at hand telling us that the

High School team is a strong one, and they are coming out determined to win. The discussion will, no doubt, be close and thorough. Messrs. Cameron, Corley and Egan will represent us. For the High School, Mr. John Krill, Miss Ida Michael and Mr. Robert Wuth will speak. Rev. Vice-President French will occupy the chair as moderator, and Hon. T. E. Howard, Hon. Marvin Campbell and Hon. George K. Ford will be the judges.

—NOTICE.—All students desiring to compete in the Oratorical Contest must have their names handed in to Professor Carmody by April 15. Moreover, their orations must be handed to him at the same time. Three typewritten copies of the oration are required. The names of the writers must not be signed to their orations, but handed to the Professor on a separate slip of paper. Orations are limited to 2000 words. Persons not complying with these conditions will be barred from the contest.

—The Minims boast of having the greatest number of track teams in any hall at the University. They have five regular teams. The first is captained by J. M. Ervin, with Master B. Taylor general manager. The second teams are captained by L. Deur and M. Flynn. The third by Masters W. McMahon and W. Kasper. The four last teams mentioned are holding a series of meets for the championship in their class as they are well matched. At present the score stands 0 to 0. A lively game is looked for Thursday. Captain W. McMahon of the third team is expected to win several points. The Minims' first track team has been defeated in the first meet of the series and expects to be defeated this year by their older brothers, the ex-Minims, who have a very strong team. The next meet will be held out-doors and will take place April 4.

—Funny, isn't it, how some people are so easily tickled. This is very noticeable in the attitude of the little Hokey Pokey boys that live in the big building that looks out upon Sorin Hall's back yard. These little fellows have been trying their hands at many and diverse things in the way of athletics, but they have never succeeded in accomplishing much at any branch of sport. Finally, their turn came, and now they are so well pleased that they strut around like a bunch of peacocks with their rainbow sprouts standing perpendicular. The cause of it all is that they won an impromptu relay race over some fellows from Brownson and Sorin Halls. That happened a week ago, and these boys still laugh in their sleep over their *great victory* and talk about how they won the Hall championship. That race entitled them to the honor of champion for all time now—of course, it does—because to lose it they must

be beaten, and to provide against that they have decided not to run again. This is what one would call a clever move on the part of the Hokey Pokeys. But then they are an ingenious lot and some morning they will move the dome over to their yard for a plaything.

—Some time ago a band of rats under a leader that must either have escaped from the Transvaal or swallowed a pocket edition of Aguinaldo's tactics, started on the war path and besieged dormitory No. 1, Brownson Hall. The beleaguered natives defended themselves with great courage and rough on rats, and after a short but severe struggle succeeded in capturing the entire band with the exception of the crafty and audacious leader. Alone and unaided this bold varmint continued to swoop down on the poor, unsuspecting inhabitants, and with such success that the whole dormitory was thrown into a state of turmoil. Unable to put up with it any longer the natives held a mass meeting and decided to begin a vigorous campaign against their hated foe. Supplies (rat traps, cheese, meat, dynamite, spit ball blowers, sling shots and rough on rats) were purchased, volunteers enlisted, and plans formulated. Despite all this, the campaign was an utter failure. The rat was captured, however, through the innocent intervention of a non-combatant. Below we give a short history of the campaign written by our correspondent on the field.

Happenings on Monday night:—Severe engagement last night. The enemy appeared about eleven o'clock. Upon receiving warning all the natives rushed to the conflict, which lasted till early this morning. Chairs, pillows, shoes, etc., etc., were the weapons used. Several of the natives who had theories of their own concerning the rat's capture, put them into execution with fatal results to themselves and their brethren. Drachbar had a wire with a piece of meat on the end of it attached to a battery in his coat pocket. His theory was to coax the rat to the meat and then turn on the current. He coaxed the rat to the meat, but foolishly put his hand on the wire and turned on the current. Funeral obsequies postponed. Svensden also tried his plan. About midnight he detected the varmint in the neighborhood of McDonough's bed. He hastily seized his weapons, pencil and pad, and drew a sketch of the rat having a tug-of-war with Mac's shoe. This done he gave the sketch to Drachbar, telling him that by its aid he would be able to recognize the rat when he saw it and then easily effect its capture. Drachbar was so enraged at John's plan that he actually swore—that is, swore that he would destroy both Svensden and his sketch, unless the hated rat was soon captured. This ended the engagement.

Tuesday night:—Lord Fuzz de Meyers was

in command last night. At the approach of the enemy his entire force fled in utter rout, leaving the brave lord alone upon the field. Not in the least disheartened by the action of his troops, the valiant lord prepared to engage the enemy alone. He refilled the rat-traps with chloroformed cheese, barricaded every corner of the dormitory, and calmly awaited the enemy's attack. Early this morning all the rat traps were found to be empty, while the lord was found in a heavy sleep. Some one cruelly remarked that he had partaken of some of the cheese, but this is not true. Meyers does not eat cheese.

Wednesday night:—Schaeffer arrived upon the scene of conflict last evening, and was immediately put in command. Having had great experience with the enemy in Germany and other countries, a great deal was expected of him, but his plans also met with defeat. He attacked the enemy about eleven o'clock. A piece of thread with a fish-hook attached, and an enticing piece of meat were his weapons. The rat swallowed meat, fish-hook, and thread, while Schaeffer was quietly dozing in his tent, and then fled. When Schaeffer woke up and discovered what had taken place, he decided to call B. Germanus to his aid. B. fixed up a lovely trap, so lovely that it won Svensden's admiration and he sketched it. The trap consisted of a large soap box, with a small hole cut in it, and placed over a choice collection of delicacies. B's theory was that as soon as the rat entered he could put his foot against the hole and hold it there until the rat either surrendered or starved. The rat entered, B. put his foot over the hole, but soon got tired waiting and took it away. The rat, intoxicated with his success so far, determined to make a good night's work of the job. He went to Bob Riley's tent, and finding that gentleman peacefully slumbering, started to go through his pockets. Riley who had just returned from Chicago that evening was at that moment dreaming of the good times gone by, and began to warble in plaintive tones a sorrowful ditty he once knew. The rat was so spell-bound that it stood on its hind legs and with bulging eyes gazed with amazement on the beautiful countenance of the sleeping charmer. When Riley finished the rat became so stricken with remorse for having attempted to rob such a genius that he shuddered violently, gave two or three convulsive shrieks, tickled his chin, and died.

(With apologies to Moore.)

The rat that oft through Brownson Hall,
With heavy load had fled,
Now lies as mute within those walls,
As if its life were dead.
So sleeps the foe of former nights,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high with fright,
Now feel that pulse no more.